



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRI'HD, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1802.

WHOLE NO. 717.

ALBERT AND ELIZA.

A TALE.

[Continued from our last.]

ELIZA flung herself upon her bed, but without any inclination to sleep. Her spirits had been agitated, and it required time to compose them. She saw herself in a dangerous situation. If Blake was sincere, which she had no reason to doubt, when comparing his conduct with his declaration, she knew not to what lengths the matter might be carried, nor how deeply she might be involved in the consequences. She therefore resolved to write to her father, desiring him to send for her home; this determination gave some relief to her mind, she became less restless, and at last fell asleep.

In the morning she was roused by her aunt who brought her a letter which the carrier had just handed in; as soon as she fixed her eye upon the superscription, she knew it to be from Albert. She broke the seal and found it contained the particulars of his voyage to England, and the kind reception he met with from the friends of his father's house. His business was nearly completed, and he expected in about three months, from the date of his letter, to set sail for America. This letter had been written upwards of two months, and was dated nine months after he left America, so that the time was nearly arrived when he was to leave England. Albert, in his letter, had breathed out the tenderness of his soul to Eliza, lamented their long absence, and the distance which separated them, and finally, portrayed in vivid colorings the joys of their expected meeting.

This letter banished almost every trace of sorrow from the bosom of Eliza. She considered the affair of Blake, and was surprised that it gave her so much anxiety. He had complimented her charms—this was not uncommon.—She believed him to be actuated by generous principles, and that if he understood her situation he would withdraw his attention. She therefore resolved, whenever a proper occasion should offer to give him some intimation which might deter him from continuing his addresses. This, however, did not prevent her from writing a request to her father to permit her to return home.

Quite different were the feelings of Blake.—He had been repulsed where he had the most sanguine hopes of success. He had, hitherto, supposed himself not disagreeable to Eliza. Had he not occasion to believe she held him in preference?—What then could be the cause of her sudden alarm, and seeming disgust at his proposals? Nothing appeared more probable than that some other person had, recently, secured her affections, and this person could be no other than Palmer. This conclusion pierced his soul.—Among all the embarrassments of love, none strike so deep—none wound so keenly, as the idea of a rival. Eliza's reply on Blake's pressing for an answer, was, "it is impossible." But what was impossible? Was it impossible that she could then come to a determination? or that she could accede to his proposals? The former he wished to hope; the latter he had great reason to fear.

To extricate himself from the torture of suspense, he determined to see her that day, and, if possible to bring her to a decision. As he entered

the door of her uncle's house, he met Palmer, who had been to invite Eliza to ride out with him on the following day. They bowed to each other with distant civility, and Blake was admitted into Eliza's room, who happened to be alone. As he entered, an involuntary tremor seized her, but it was momentary; with her usual cheerfulness, she desired him to be seated, and his confidence, which had forsaken him as he approached the house, returned.

Blake soon introduced the subject he came upon. He asked pardon for the discomposure his declaration had thrown her into, the preceding evening; but as his happiness depended upon the result, he desired her to be explicit. She told him that she esteemed him as a friend—thanked him for his former complaisance, but that both her feelings and her situation forbade her to encourage his addresses; that she was excited to deal thus frankly from motives of delicacy to them both, but that she must consider herself excused from any further explanation.

So ingenuous a decision disconcerted every argument which Blake had prepared to enforce his suit. His mind became paralyzed and his tongue powerless. They both sat silent, and were happily relieved from a very embarrassing situation by the entrance of company. Blake immediately arose to depart; Eliza waited upon him to the door; he disconsolately took her hand, bowed, and bade her good night.

Palmer had not been more particular to Eliza, than to several other ladies of the city; consequently his attention was less to be feared. She at first declined his offer to ride out with him, the day following, but he solicited, and she finally consented. He came at the appointed hour, which was about three o'clock in the afternoon—Eliza was handed into the coach, and they drove out towards Kingsbridge. It was that season of the year when decaying nature was fast sinking to her wintry tomb. As they passed along, Eliza was highly interested in the picturesque scenes which the landscape exhibited. The yellow splendor of the faded foliage; the lofty grandeur of the rugged mountain; the solitary lapse of the winding stream, as it murmured along the hollow valley; the rustling sound of the lingering gales, as they idly pursued the withering leaves over the variegated fields; the plaintive melody of the autumnal birds, all conspired to thrill her bosom with a pleasing, melancholy sensation. They passed Kingsbridge, and drove a little distance into the country, where they stopped for refreshment, and loitered away the time until towards evening. As they were about to return, they perceived a shower arising. They hastened into the carriage, and Palmer ordered the postillion to drive on with speed. They passed Kingsbridge, and came very near to Harlem before the shower overtook them. There were, then, but a few scattering houses in this place and but one inn of any respectability. Here Palmer proposed to stop, to which, as the storm became furious, Eliza agreed. They were shown into a decent room; Palmer ordered wine and a dish of fruit. The violence of the storm did not abate till some time in the evening. Eliza grew very uneasy, particularly as she observed

that Palmer drank very freely of wine. She intreated that they might proceed; he raised objections; the storm had not entirely ceased.—When it had they could soon reach town. He drank more wine; she perceived he became intoxicated, and insisted upon going on immediately. He went out as though to give orders for the necessary preparations, but soon returning, and seating himself beside her, "Dear Eliza," said he, "the postillion is asleep, the evening is advanced, the roads are wet and slippery; you must content yourself to stay here until morning, and then, my blooming charmer, I will, with pleasure, convey you to your friends." Thus saying, he clasped her, with ardor, to his breast; she screamed for assistance; two men rushed into the room and disengaged her—it was the inn-keeper and Blake! Palmer attempted to resist them, and ordered them to leave the room; Blake asked Eliza whether she was detained there against her will, she answered that she was; he removed her immediately from the room; as they were going out, Palmer seized her arm and attempted to rescue her, but he was thrust back by Blake with so much force that he fell, with violence, to the floor. "If you can be found to-morrow," said he to Blake, as he arose up, "I shall consider it my duty to acknowledge my obligations for this politeness." "You are not unacquainted that I reside at the government house," replied Blake, and Palmer withdrew from his room.

Blake engaged the inn-keeper to furnish a servant with a horse and chaise, to convey Eliza to town. He mounted his horse and rode behind until they arrived at her uncle's; he handed her into the door, tenderly bade adieu, and retired to his lodgings.

Palmer was not a libertine in principle. He felt no extraordinary attachment to Eliza. He esteemed her as a gay, fashionable and lovely girl, but had formed no dishonorable designs respecting her. He had not even an intention of tarrying all night at the inn in Harlem, when driven thither by the storm; but being warmed with wine, which at times, he was accustomed to use with too much freedom, added to the idea of to enchanting a girl in his possession, his senses became perverted, and his reason overpowered by the arbitrary influence of passion. It is not, however, probable that he would have proceeded to any indecencies; a repulse would have awed him into reverence: but the delicate feelings of Eliza, abhorrently alive to every appearance of indecorum, could not brook an advancement beyond the most strict bounds of civility. Blake, under the melancholy burden of disappointment, unconscious of the excursion of Eliza and Palmer, had rode into the country merely for amusement, and on his return had alighted at the inn, a short time after them.—This accounts for the incidents of the Harlem affair.

The next morning, Blake arose at an early hour, determined as soon as convenience would permit, to call at the house of Eliza's uncle, to learn something concerning the affair, of which, as yet, he knew but little. He supposed that her attachment to Palmer was the principal cause of his rejection, and he secretly rejoiced at the prof-

of a rupture between them. About nine o'clock he went to the house. Eliza was already up, and as soon as she understood he was there, desired to see him. She related to him every minute circumstance of the preceding day's adventure, while he endeavored to represent the conduct of Palmer in the most odious light. Blake was invited to stay to breakfast, which invitation he accepted, and shortly after took his leave, complimented with the polite obligations of the family, and the graceful acknowledgments of Eliza.

When he returned home, a servant was waiting at the door, from whom he received the following note.

To J. BLAKE, Esq.

"SIR, "You must undoubtedly have expected to hear from me before this time. You will accept a reasonable excuse--I slept late, and have but this moment arrived in town. A few hours cannot be considered too long to examine our pistols, and prepare for, possibly, serious events. I, therefore, take the liberty to request you to meet me, with a single friend, in the fields, one mile north of the town, just back of the new building, precisely at 5 o'clock in the evening.--should you have any objections to these arrangements, you will please to notify me."

"Yours, &c. S. PALMER."

9 o'clock, Thursday morning.

To which Blake made the following answer.

To S. PALMER, Esq.

"SIR, "I shall punctually attend to the arrangements pointed out in your note of this morning."

"I am, &c. J. BLAKE."

Thursday morning, 11 o'clock.

[To be continued.]

WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

WHEN St. Clair's army was routed on the memorable fourth of November, a subaltern, who was pursued by three Indians, fled with the utmost precipitation; directing his course towards an eminence at a considerable distance.

The moment he had passed the summit of the hill, he fell down perfectly exhausted, and resigned himself to the fate, which seemed inevitable. He had lain here but a few moments before he was overtaken by the Indians, who imagining he had descended from the hill, kept their eyes fixed at a distance, and passed within two yards, without discovering him. Astonished at this signal delivery, he rose as soon as the Indians were out of sight, returned by the same route he came, and never saw them again. For many days he subsisted upon acorns, and after a series of difficulties, arrived at Fort Jefferson.

LAW ANECDOTES.

AN ordinary country fellow being called as an evidence in a court of judicature, in a cause where the terms of mortgage and mortgagee were frequently used, the judge asked the countryman if he knew the difference between the mortgagee and mortgagee: Yes, said he, it is the same as between the nodder and noddee.---How is that? replied the judge. Why you sit there, said the clown, and I nod at you; then I am the nodder and you the noddee.

THE following circumstance (says a London paper) lately took place on the Margate road.---A Barrister having taken up his quarters at an inn, with the landlord of which he was acquainted, was consulted by the host what he should do in the case of a man who had brought an action against him, tho' he had in return a demand upon his creditor. The Barrister desired time to consider of it, as he said it was a nice case, and he should give his opinion in the morning. When day broke, he mounted his horse, and, without troubling the landlord for a bill, left the following solution:---"I am of opinion that the best thing you can do is to follow my example--make a set off."

ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.

ON the arrival, in England, of King William, the restorer of English Liberty, Mr. Manyard, an eminent Lawyer, of more than fourscore years of age, was introduced to him. The King, respectfully taking Mr. Manyard by the hand, said to him, "I am told that you are the oldest Lawyer in England."

"I really am the oldest, replied Mr. Manyard, I have outlived all the Lawyers of my age in the kingdom, and, but for the happy arrival of your Majesty, I should have outlived the law itself."

INVOCATION TO POVERTY.

OH! POVERTY! of pale consumptive hue,
If thou delight'st to haunt me still in view;
If still thy presence must my steps attend,
At least continue what thou art--my friend!
Whene'er example bids me be unjust,
False to my mind, or faithless to my trust;
Bid me the baneful error quickly see,
And shun the world to find repose in thee;
When vice to wealth would turn the partial eye,
Or interest shut my ear to Sorrow's cry,
Or courtier's custom would my reason bend,
My foe to flatter--or desert my friend;
Oppose, kind POVERTY, thy temper'd shield,
And bear me off, unvanquish'd from the field,
If giddy Fortune e'er return again,
With all her idle, restless, wanton train;
Her magic glass should false Ambition hold,
Or Advice bid me put my trust in gold;
To my relief, thou virtuous goddess, haste,
And with thee bring thy daughters ever chaste;
Health, Liberty, and Wisdom--sisters bright!
Whose charms can make the worst condition light;
Beneath the hardest fate the mind can cheer,
Can heal affliction, and disarm despair,
In pains, in torments, pleasure can bequeath,
And dress in smiles the tyrant hour of death!

TO THE MORNING STAR.

RISE on the front of Heav'n, thou brilliant Star!
Child of the morn, with ev'ry beauty crown'd;
Look down, all glorious, from thy splendid car,
And shoot thy beams like silver threads around.
Bright orb! beneath thy calm protecting light,
Oft have I sought the heav'n reflecting rill,
The lofty mountain rising in his might,
Or the swift torrent dashing down the hill.
Then would the rising lark triumphant rise,
On some bright cloud to rest his weary wing;
And ere the morn's deep purple ting'd the skies,
With his wild notes would soothe the ear of Spring.
But Spring, with all her thousand charms refin'd,
No steady ray of pleasure can impart,
To ease the throbbings of an anxious mind,
When sick despair sits cold upon the heart.
Yet, ever-waking Memory still pursues
Those better days when Hope my hours beguil'd;
When to my Fancy's all-enraptur'd views,
Spring dawn'd more bright as fair Florella smil'd.
But now that day-star of my life has set,
And all my active energies are dead,
While that stern tyrant of my soul, Regret,
Winds the sad willow round my drooping head.

WASHINGTON.

Mr. EVANS, during a tour thro' several parts of England and Wales, remarks in a letter to a pupil, that in Birmingham he purchased a very handsome medal of the great WASHINGTON. Round the profile were these words, "GEORGE WASHINGTON ob. 14 Dec. 1799, Æt. 68." On the reverse was the figure of Fame with her trumpet, having this inscription, encircled with oak and laurel, "EMANCIPATOR OF AMERICA." From this incident Mr. EVANS takes occasion to apply the following stanzas from WATTS' epitaph on King WILLIAM; they are as beautiful in their composition as they are just in their application.

SWEET PEACE! do thou his relics keep,
With olives blooming round thy head;
And stretch thy wings across the deep,
To bless the nations with the shade!
Stand on the pile, immortal Fame,
Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe;
Thy thousand voices sound his name,
In silver accents round the globe!
Flattery shall faint beneath the sound,
While hoary Truth inspires the song;
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
And Slander gnaw her forked tongue!
Night and the Grave remove your gloom,
Darkness becomes the vulgar dead;
But Glory bids the patriot tomb
Disdain the horrors of a shade!
Glory with all her lamps shall burn,
To watch the warrior's sleeping clay,
Till the last trumpet rouse his urn,
To aid the triumphs of the day.

PROCEEDINGS IN A FEMALE LEGISLATURE.

MATRIMONIAL BUDGET.

THE house having resolved itself into a committee of supplies, and in ans, (for what signifies the supplies without the ways and means)--Lady Long-much took the chair.

Mrs. WOULD-BE rose and spoke to the following purport.

Mrs. PRESIDENT, I rise upon this occasion to express my sentiments at this very alarming crisis. We are now met in this committee, to consider of ways and means, to raise the necessary supplies of husbands throughout this State.

At the time when so many brave officers, and effective men have fallen in defending their country's rights, it behoves us to look out, and take such measures, and resolutions as may seem meet, to prevent a stagnation in the rising generation, and rescue us from that odium attributed to maids who die in a state of celibacy. It therefore is the duty of every one within these walls to exert her abilities, and throw out such hints as may, in the most eligible manner, tend to remove the evil. I shall therefore, with great submission to the chair, as we are upon this important business, propose to the committee the following.

That a tax of four shillings in the pound be imposed upon all Bachelors upwards of 25 years of age, in proportion to their estates, revenues, or incomes.

The Bachelors turned of 45, shall moreover make a will and bequeath one half of this property upon demise, (as they themselves can be of no further use while living) for the support and relief of distressed maidens against their wills, in order to enable them to obtain husbands; suitable to their rank and pretensions. Otherwise the said Bachelors are to be deemed to all intents and purposes old maids, and condemned accordingly, to lead apes-in-hell.

That all illegitimate children shall be pronounced the offspring of Bachelors, and that they be compelled to provide for them accordingly.

That one million of enchanting smiles, with a proportionate number of captivating ogles, be immediately issued for the service of the ladies during the current year.

That 900,000 languishing looks be granted out of the sinking fund of beauty, to make good disappointments and deficiencies incurred last year.

That bewitching kisses, bearing three and an half per cent, be consolidated with pouting lips, and made transferable in the currency of rapine, at the exchequer of blifs.

That 600,000 husbands be raised by way of lottery, with an agreeable doocur to the subscribers, the prizes to be paid immediately upon drawing, without any deduction.

That one million necessary blushes and occasional sighs, be issued immediately upon the drawing of the lottery.

That all the artillery of love be properly provided for, from Cupid's board of ordnance, under the sign manual of the Cyprian Queen.

ON FEMALE DRESS.

Lord Kames happily observes, that the elegance and end of female dress is better obtained by a delicate and graceful concealment of the form than by that bold and voluptuous display which the Eastern ladies effect. The imagination, unrestrained by reality, pictures a thousand concealed beauties, and revels in their supposed existence.

Roussau has beautifully described these sensations, in one of St. Preux's letters to Julia.

"Be not surprized to find me so knowing in the mysteries which you so carefully conceal; this had happened in spite of all your cautions; for one sense instructs another, and notwithstanding the most jealous vigilance, there will always remain some friendly artifice or other, through which the sight performs the office of the touch. The curious eye busily insinuates itself with impunity under the flowers of a nosegay, wanders beneath the spreading gauze, and conveys that elastic resistance to the hand, which it dares not experience."

ANECDOTE.

TWO curious apologies for cowardice are recorded. One is that of an Irishman, who said, "He had a heart as bold as a lion, but his cowardly legs always ran away with it on the apprehension of danger." The other, an English officer, who being tried by a court martial for cowardice, said, "He did not run away from fear of the enemy, but only to see how long a paltry carcass might last a man, with good looking to."

EXTRACT FROM BURNS' LETTERS.

WE know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favorite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the hare-bell, the fox-glove, the wild briar rose, the budding-birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never heard the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul, like the enthusiasm of devotion, or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the *Æolian harp*, passively takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden cloud? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—God that made all things—man's immortal and immortal nature, and a world of wealth or woe beyond death and the grave.

SHORT LESSONS OF ADVICE.

LOVE your fellow creatures, tho' vicious, but hate vice in the friend you love most.
Never fly for praise,---it is not worth the bait.
Do well, but do not boast of it.
If you can but live free from want, care for no more, for the rest is but vanity.

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1802.

London papers to the 27th May, were received at Boston, by the ship Confidence, in forty-five days from Liverpool. A report of a new attempt on the life of Bonaparte is contained in the latest paper, but it appears to have obtained but little credit in England. The French Tribune and Legislative Body have decided in favor of the establishment of a "Legion of Honor," and the revival of Negro Slavery and the Slave Trade. The report on the latter subject was made by a Citizen Adel. There were a considerable number of votes in the negative respecting the creation of the new military order. The session of the Legislative Body terminated on the 20th of May.

By the arrival at Charleston of the sch'r. Diana, from the Cape, we learn that Toussaint, with his wives, children, aids, &c. were all sent to France by General Le Clerc. Ever since the arrest of Toussaint, every thing had been tranquil in St. Domingo; a great number of planters were returning to their plantations, and the towns in the island were building up very fast. The yellow fever was very prevalent at the Cape amongst the troops and foreigners, and many officers and soldiers fell victims to it.

The United States frigate Essex, Capt. Bainbridge, arrived at the quarantine ground in 37 days from Gibraltar. Capt. Bainbridge confirms the account of an action which took place lately between an Algerine frigate of 44 guns and a Portuguese frigate of 36, 15 miles to the southward of Malaga. After a few broadsides the Captain of the Portuguese (a Frenchman) had his thigh shot off. The engagement continued an hour, at the end of which time the Algerine succeeded in boarding. Twenty men were killed on the part of the Portuguese; and the Captain in a fit of desperation, blew out his own brains with a pistol.

PETERSBURG, (Virg.) July 13

On Friday last, about a o'clock, during a violent storm of rain, thunder and lightning, the dwelling house of Joel Finn, of Prince George county, was struck by the lightning, which produced the following melancholy catastrophe: While the family were at dinner, the lightning descended into the room, and killed Mrs. Finn and one of her daughters, about 7 years old; another daughter, who sat between Mrs. Finn and the other sufferer, escaped unhurt; a son about 4 years old, received such a shock, as to be apparently dead for several minutes. At the distance of 25 feet from the room, in a piazza, a negro girl, who was spinning, was thrown with great violence against the side of the house, but received no material injury; another negro in the kitchen, at least 40 yards off, was so much stunned, that he was to all appearance dead for some time. The plate, table and chair, where Mrs. Finn sat, were completely splintered; and the house sustained considerable injury.

FROM LONDON PAPERS.

THE following curious circumstance took place lately, at Liverpool. Three seamen, discharged from the navy, returned to that port, and after some enquiry, discovered a lady, who was wife to each of the three---but, unfortunately in the possession of a fourth! The husbands found themselves in a very strange dilemma; but as what had been done could not be undone they agreed upon a plan which was to decide all future controversy. The fair one was led to a public place, in a halter, to be sold to that husband who would let the highest price upon her; and, in a few minutes, she was knocked down to one of them, at five shillings and sixpence, to the entire satisfaction of the other three, and the high entertainment of the populace.

A sailor entered the Bush Tavern, Bristol, saying he called to pay his reckoning, but on being told he was not indebted there, he related that having been paid off from the London Man of War, he had 250 guineas in his possession, which he insisted on leaving with Mr. Weeks; but this Mr. W. declined, and offered to deposit them in a banker's hands for the poor fellow, to prevent his being robbed. Upon this, the sailor with an oath, said he would first consult his wife, and then thrusting two or three bank notes into his mouth, absolutely chewed and swallowed them!--

We have heard of many traits characteristic of the generous spirit of our seamen, but from these we select the following, as peculiarly noble and praise worthy. In the Mediterranean fleet it was the custom, by way of saving all the bread possible, to allow the men 3d. per lb. for all of their allowance that they left unconsumed. The sum due to the seamen on account of this saving, was about 70l. The other day the ship was paid at Portsmouth, and they had to receive this money. One seaman (the only one who had suffered in this way in that ship) had lost his sight in Egypt; the rest of the crew generously made him a present of the whole of the above sum.

A remarkable instance of the transition of fortune occurred last week in Worcester. A private in the 5th dragoons was immured in prison for desertion, and in daily expectation of exemplary punishment; when a gentleman arrived from Ireland, with an account of the death of a relation, who had left him 4000l. per annum!

BRIEF SKETCH OF LONDON.

THERE are in London about 500 places of worship, one cathedral, one abbey, 114 churches, 130 chapels, 207 meetings and chapels of dissenters, 43 chapels for foreigners, and 6 synagogues. About 4050, public and private schools, including inns of court, colleges, &c. and societies for morals; 10 societies for learning and arts, 122 asylums for the indigent, 17 asylums for sick and lame, 13 dispensaries and 704 friendly societies. Charity distributed £750,000 per annum. This is a pleasing account, but the following cannot be read without feeling emotions of sorrow and pity. There are about 2500 persons committed for trial in one year. Annual depredations amount to £1,200,000: 18 prisons; 3204 ale houses within the bills of mortality. Amount of coins counterfeited £200,000 per annum. About 3000 receivers of stolen goods. About 10,000 servants at all times out of place, 20,000 persons rise every morning, without knowing how the shall subsist through the day!

ANECDOTE.

THE Abbe Maury used to relate a story of a Miser, with whom he was acquainted. Meeting him one day, he said, "My dear Baron, what a change in your appearance!" "Ah! my life is a burthen to me since the Abbe Terred suppressed the Tontines! Before that wicked measure was carried into effect, I used to rise in the morning and walk to the Thuilleries. There I asked for the Newspapers, and read the list of deaths; if one of my class was gone off, I gained an annuity of fifteen or thirty francs; there was pleasure for the whole day; when I met a burial, my first question was who is dead? If it was a member of my class, oh how delightful!--Alas, I now meet forty burials without caring who is going to the grave!"

A PERSON.

Who has a few hours to spare in the evenings, wishes to teach on the the Forte Piano. He was organist at one of the first churches in Amsterdam. Apply to the printer. July 17.

COURT OF HYMEN.

NO jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blighted be their wedded days with strife;
Each season look delightful, as the past,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife!"

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening last week, at Brooklyn, by the Rev. Mr. Ireland, Mr. NOAH WATERBURY, to Miss SARAH M'KENNEY.

At Schaghticoke, (N. Y.) Mr. JACOB L. LANSING, of Lansingburg, to Miss CATHERINE VANDERHEYDEN;--- Mr. SAMUEL LAMBERT, of Lansingburg, to Miss BETSEY FITCH, of Windham, (Conn.)

At Philadelphia, Mr. SAMUEL COX, to Miss LUCY EDEN.

Persons who are in the habit of communicating Marriages for insertion, through the medium of the letter box, are informed that we cannot attend to them unless they are handed in personally.

MORTALITY.

Shall man be left abandon'd in the dust,
When fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?

The painful task devolves upon us to announce the death of General DANIEL MORGAN.---After a long and severe illness, he yesterday morning quitted this transitory world for the world of spirits, in the 66th year of his age, there to join his compatriots in arms. Yes, Morgan is added to the list of the departed heroes---with Washington, Green, Warren, Montgomery and Wayne, whose names will be revered whilst memory holds a feat in an American breast.

To enumerate his heroic exploits during the contest with Great Britain, which ended in the establishment of the Independence of these United States, would require the pen of a more able panegyrist. Should the writer of this article make the attempt, the subject would be too copious for a newspaper. History has done justice to his name, and will hand it to posterity as an example of cool, undaunted and determined bravery. Suffice it to say that his expedition at Quebec, in which he surmounted, with his brave associates, to the astonishment of his country, every difficulty and danger which human nature can be exposed to, and the battle of the Cowpens, in which he completely routed and captured a superior force, will long be themes on which an American tongue will delight to dwell. No man knew better how to gain the love and esteem of his men; where he led they always followed with alacrity and confidence.

For his victory at the Cowpens, Congress presented him with a medal of gold, and the Legislature of Virginia an elegant sword and a pair of pistols, as testimonials of the exalted opinion they entertained of his great military genius. [Winchester paper, July 7.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Translation of a French Novel, sent us by an attentive correspondent, shall embellish our columns as soon as our present engagements will permit.

The Parody on "William and Margaret;"---Essay on "Solitude,"---and a variety of communications, prose and poetical, shall be attended to in our next.

TICE'S

Much improved and celebrated Water Proof SHINING LIQUID BLACKING.

For Boots and Shoes, and all Leather that requires to be kept black; is the best preservative and the greatest beautifier of Leather ever offered to the public. It never corrodes nor cracks the Leather, but renders it soft and smooth, and never soils. Black Morocco that has lost its lustre, is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. For sale, wholesale and retail, (at the prices of the manufacturer, who has removed to Virginia) in bottles, with printed directions for use, with J. TICE'S signature, as none else are genuine, by G. CAMP, No 143 Pearl-Street.---June 18

Bills of Lading, &c.

For sale by J. Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

COURT OF APOLLO.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES,

OR, THE ROSE AND STRAWBERRY.---A FABLE.

YOUNG women!---don't be so fond of killing.
Too well I know your hearts unwilling
To hide beneath the veil a charm---

Too pleas'd a sparkling eye to roll,
And with a neck to thrill the soul

Of every swain with love's alarm.

Yet, yet if Prudence be not near,

Its snow may melt into a TEAR.

The dimpled smile and pouting lip,

Where little cupids nectar sip,

Are very pretty lures I own;

But, ah! if Prudence be not nigh,

Those lip-lures all the cupids lie,

May give a passage to a groan.

A ROSE, in all the pride of bloom,

Flinging around her rich perfume,

Amidst the summer's golden glow,

Peep'd on a STRAWBERRY below,

Beneath a leaf in secret blushing.

"MISS STRAWBERRY," exclaim'd the ROSE,

"What's beauty that no mortal knows?"

"What is a charm if never seen?"

"You really are a pretty creature!"

"Then wherefore hide each blooming feature?"

"Come up and shew your model's mien."

"MISS ROSE," the STRAWBERRY replied,

"I never did possess a pride,

"That wish'd to dash the public eye;

"Indeed I own I am afraid--

"I think there's safety in the shade;

"Ambition causes many a sigh."

"Go simple child," the ROSE rejoind,

"See how I wilton in the wind:

"I feel no danger's dread alarms;

"And then observe the cop of day,

"How amorous with his golden ray,

"To pay his visit to my charms!"

No sooner said, but with a scream,

She started from her favorite theme--

A clown had on her fix'd his pat:

In vain she screech'd--How did but smile,

Rub'd with her leaves his nose awhile,

Then blantly fluck her in his hat

A SONG.

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

ALTERED FROM DIBDIN.

IN the world's crooked path where I've been

Forc'd to share of life's gloom my full part;

The sunshine that softened the scene,

Was a smile from the girl of my heart.

Not a swain when the lark quits her nest,

But to labor with glee will depart,

If at eve he expects to be blest,

With a smile from the girl of his heart.

Should pale sorrow and care cross my way,

Let my mind still this maxim impart,

That the comfort of man's fleeting day,

Is a smile from the girl of his heart.

For alas! what is wealth, power and fame?

Or the tricks and the follies of art--

To the light and the warmth of the flame,

Kindled up by the girl of my heart.

'Tis a smile from a soul that's divine,

And its power can Elysium impart--

Then how rapur'd is this bosom of mine,

By a smile from the girl of my heart!

ANECDOTE.

THOUGH Dr. Johnson was no enemy to a proper and well timed compliment, he would sometimes express his dislike of awkward and hyperbolical adulation. To a literary dame, who had persecuted him throughout a whole afternoon with coarse and incessant flattery (after making several fruitless efforts to stop her career) he said, and loud enough for half the company present to hear, "My dear, before you are so lavish of your praise, you ought to consider whether it is worth having."

MORALIST.

IDLENESS is the rust of human nature and the nurse of bad habits. It enervates the mind and overspreads it, as it were with a leprous scurvy, even as water becomes putrid and will breed loathsome vermin, by continuing long stagnant. This was the bane of Sodom. The sacred penman remarked concerning that horridly polluted city, that, "abundance of idleness was in her."---And from that source there sprang those detestable abominations, which cried to heaven against her and stamped her character with eternal infamy. As the air, in which we constantly breathe, becomes corrupt when it is long motionless, so the ethereal breath of life itself, which had been breathed into man from above, naturally corrupts in a state of indolence. When children are suffered to get the habit of idleness, a long catalogue of other evil habits will follow of course. [Balance.]

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June 12.

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July 14

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